

*The Comickall Historie of*

*Bass.* I thank you Madam, give welcome to my friend.  
This is the man, this is *Antonio*,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,  
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

*Anth.* No more then I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house :  
It must appeare in other wayes then words,  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesie.

*Grat.* By yonder moone I sweare you do me wrong,  
In faith I gave it to the Judges Clarke,  
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,  
Since you do take it Love so much at heart.

*Por.* A quarrell hee already, what's the matter ?

*Grat.* About a hoope of gold, a paltry Ring  
That she did give me, whose posie was,  
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry  
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

*Ner.* What talke you of the posie or the value :  
You swore to me when I did give it you,  
That you would weare it till your houre of death,  
And that it should lie with you in your grave.  
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,  
You should have been respectiue, and have kept it,  
Gave it a Judges Clarke : no god's my iudge,  
The Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.

*Grat.* He will, and if he live to be a man.

*Nerrissa.* I, if a woman live to be a man.

*Grat.* Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,  
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher then thy selfe, the Judges Clarke,  
A prating boy that begg'd it as a fee,  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

*Por.* You were to blame, I must be plain with you,  
To part so slightly with your wives first gift,  
A thing stuck on with oathes upon your finger,  
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.  
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him sweare

Never

*the Merchant*

Never to part with it; and here  
I dare be sworne for him he w  
Nor pluck it from his finger, sa  
That the world Masters. Now  
You give your wife too unkin  
And 'twere to me I should be

*Bass.* Why I were best to  
And I sweare I lost the Ring de

*Grat.* My Lord *Bassanio* gav  
Unto the Judge that begg'd it,  
Deserv'd it to : and then the bo  
That tooke some pains in writ  
And neither man nor master w  
But the two Rings.

*Por.* What Ring gave you  
Not that I hope which you rec

*Bass.* If I could adde a lie un  
I would deny it : but you see n  
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is

*Por.* Even so voyd is your fal  
By heaven I will nere come in  
Untill I see the Ring ?

*Ner.* Nor I in yours  
Till I againe see mine.

*Bass.* Sweet *Portia*,  
If you did know to whom I g  
If you did know for whom I g  
And would conceive for what  
And how unwillingly I left th  
When naught would be accep  
You would abate the strength

*Por.* If you had knowne th  
Or halfe her worthineffe that  
Or your own honour to conta  
You would not then have part  
What man is there so much un  
If you had pleas'd to have dese  
With any termes of zeale, w